

FUNNYMAN

JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

MARCH, 1948

No. 2

10c





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THE GIANT IN THE DOLL HOUSE

By Ray Gardner

HE DWARFED the house, lying in it. His left leg crushed the hall bannister to twisted ruin. His blonde head was pushed through the remains of the kitchen wall. A right hand was flung outward, lying still and frightening amid the crumbled bricks of the broken fireplace. A giant in a doll's house—

"Dead!" whispered the man who had the face of a lion.

A tiny woman, only two feet seven inches high, was screaming at the top of her lungs. The Fat Lady said, "I'm all of a-quiver myself;" and began screaming, too.

The Snake-charmer, Madame Mimi La Planche, put both hands to her cheeks and fainted in the arms of the Thinnest Man in the World. "Who," asked the Thinnest Man, "would be strong enough to kill the Giant? He was the strongest man in the world. He said so himself. No midget could possibly kill him—and yet he lies dead in the Doll's House—where all the midgets in the circus live."

"I will learn who killed the giant," a man shouted. He pushed several midgets aside as he rushed toward the Doll's House. He was Hezekiah Flint, the town detective. Flint did not like circuses to come to town. He was always looking for a way to make trouble for them, and all the circus people knew it. With the giant murdered, Flint could stop the show from going on, and all the children and their mothers and fathers would not be able to come to the circus.

Flint stood in front of the Doll's House and peeked in at the fallen giant. The Doll's House was the name of the house where the midgets lived. The entire wall was taken down during a performance under the big tent. When the wall was down, the children thronged around and watched the midgets in an animated toy house. Here was where the little people ate their meals, played cards, tumbled and danced for the children's delight. Now—if the local detective were to close down the Doll's House, the children couldn't see them.

"And we won't be able to see their shining little faces," grieved Tiny Tommy, the smallest man in the world.

Hezekiah Flint sniffed and said, "This is more'n a one-man job. I'll bet maybe more'n two men did it. Probably *three!*"

"The Three Typhoons!" whispered the Lion-face Man. "The aerial artists!"

"Right!" shouted Flint. "The men who perform on the trapeze and the high wires. Where are they, hey? They can't hide from me! I'll catch 'em!"

The Three Typhoons were swinging high on the bars three hundred feet above the sawdust ring in the Big Tent. When Flint saw them he gave a shout and ran to the metal ladder. Up he went, faster and faster. He said, "They can't get away from me. There isn't any place for them to hide!"

He went up until the narrow platform was right above him. He clambered over it, stood upright. A man was hanging by his knees from a swing-bar. The man swung past Flint, nearly touching him with his dangling hands.

"Stop swinging!" roared Flint. "I arrest you for the murder of the Strongest Man in the World! Do you hear me? I arrest you!"

Suddenly Hezekiah Flint was not standing on the little platform any more. He was hanging in midair three hundred feet above the ground. Two hands held him by the wrists. The aerial artist was swinging him back and forth.

"Yaaaaagh!" went Hezekiah Flint.

The trapeze man let go of him. Hezekiah Flint started to fall. He fell faster and faster—

Something grabbed his ankles and held him upside down. All his money fell out of his pockets and showered down on the elephants far below him. Another aerial performer had caught him in midair, was holding him by the ankles and swinging him.

"Lemme go! Lemme go! Lemme go!" Flint yelled.

"Anything you say," said the trapeze man, and tossed him upwards so that Hezekiah Flint turned over and over and sailed through the air like a bird.

Another tightrope performer caught him this time. He threw him to another, who threw him on. Back and forth the Three Typhoons flung the bewildered detective, until he was so breathless he couldn't speak.

One of the aerial acrobats said, "We didn't kill the giant. We were up here practicing our act. Weren't we?"

Hezekiah Flint could not speak. He could only nod his head. Then one of the acrobats threw him and he went down and down—

He hit the rescue net and bounced high up in the air. He fell and bounced, fell and bounced. When he stopped bouncing, he was so tired, he had to lie there until a working-man at the circus came and dragged him out.

Reeling, the detective found his way back to the doll's house. He stamped toward the



FUNNYMAN

LATER. -- LARRY DAVIS' PALATIAL ESTATE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF EMPIRE CITY.

FOR DAYS YOU'VE BEEN SPORTING A SELF-SATISFIED SMIRK. WHY?

TELLING WOULD SPOIL YOUR FUN. FOLLOW THE LEADER, KIDDIES!

THE BIG SECRET'S IN THE GARAGE, EH?

ONE SEC' WHILE I REVOLVE THESE DUDS AND DON THE IDENTITY OF FUNNYMAN. I INTEND TO DO THIS UP RIGHT.

IF IT'S GOT ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOUR HAIRBRAINED HI-JINKS AS FUNNYMAN, I KNOW I WON'T LIKE IT.

BEHOLD! FUNNYMAN'S JET-JALLOPY!!

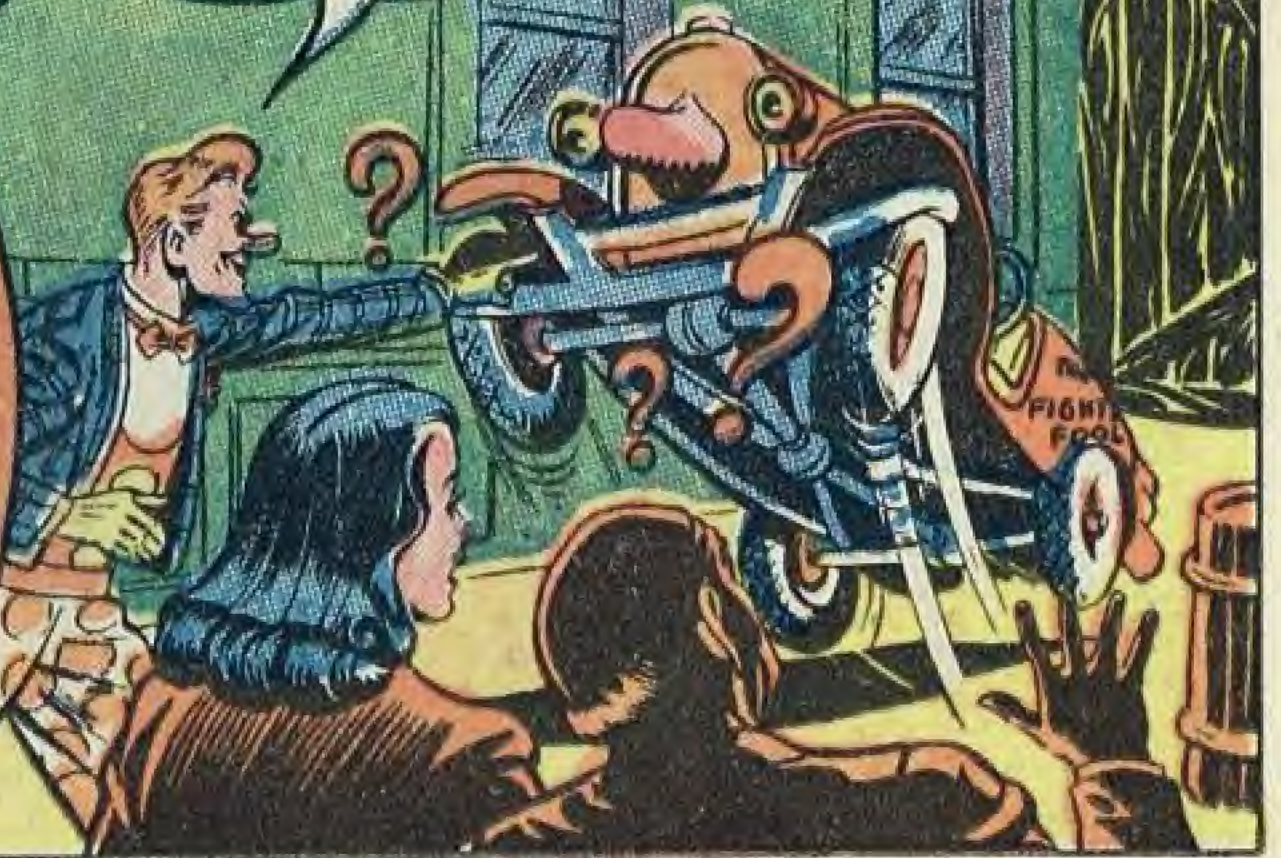
JET-WHAT??

JET-JALLOPY, I SAID! AND WHAT'S MORE, I BUILT TH' BEAUT WITH MY OWN LI'L PUDGY HANDS! AS FUNNYMAN, I COVER LOTS OF TERRITORY, AND SO I'VE WHIPPED UP AN APPROPRIATE VEHICLE TO DO THE COVERING IN!

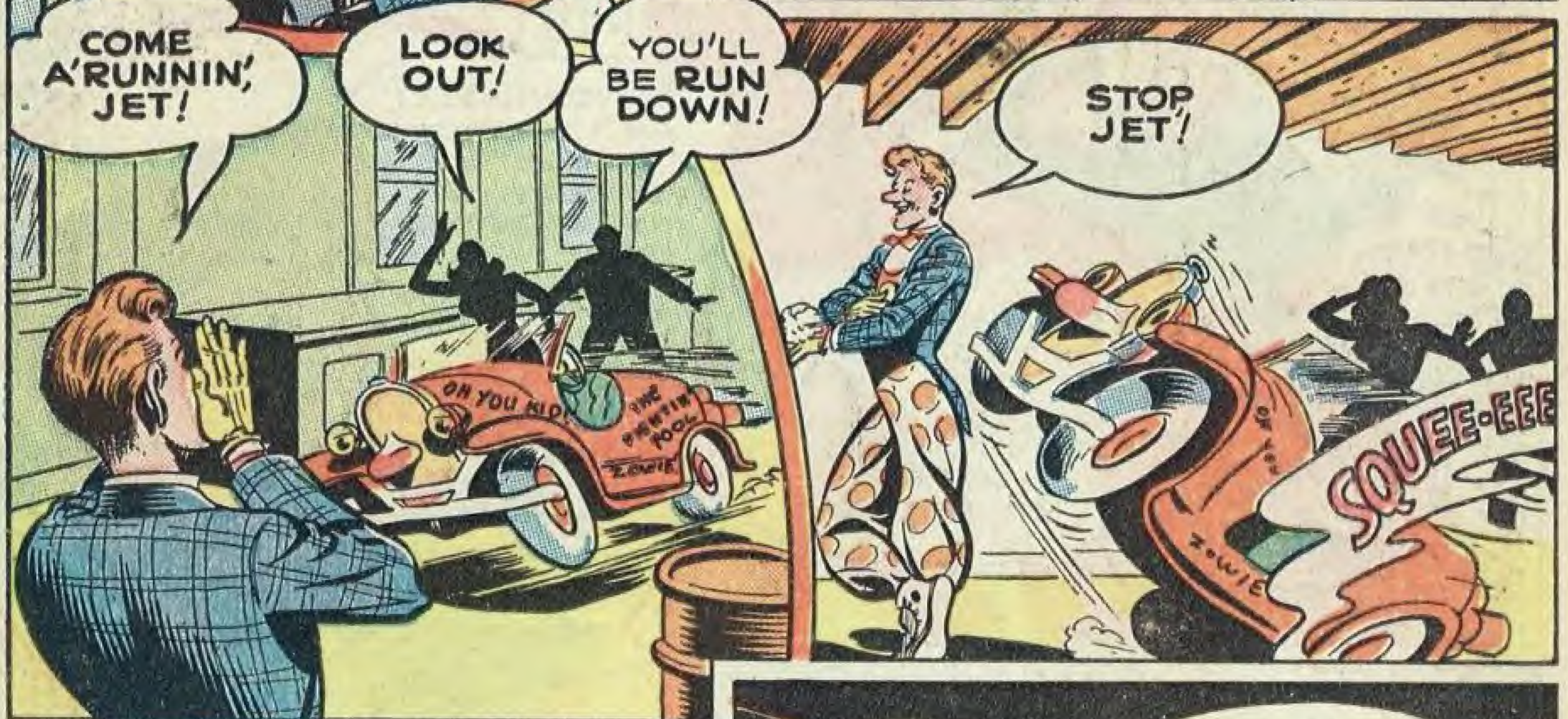
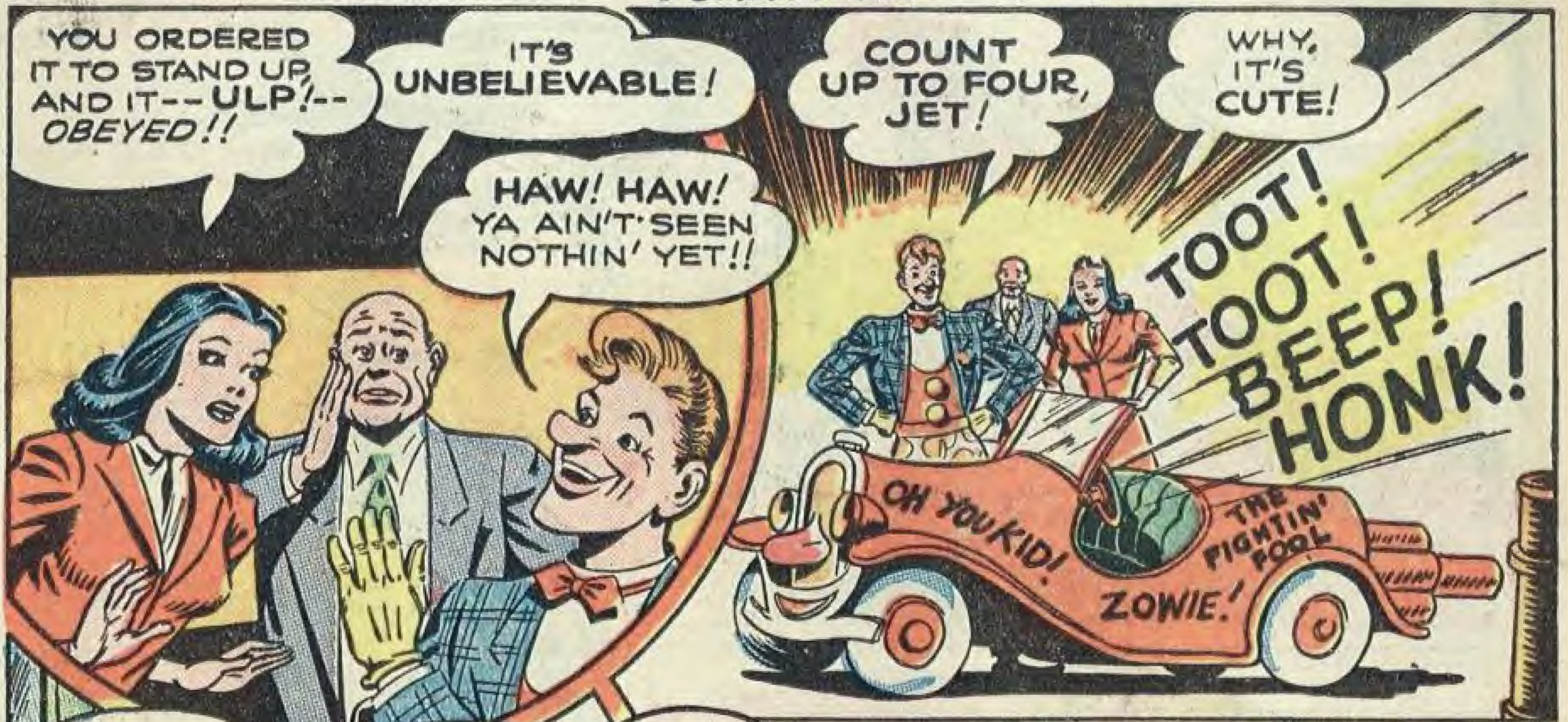
BUT WHAT'S THERE ABOUT THIS BROKEN-DOWN HEAP THAT GIVES YOU SUCH A CHARGE?

LOOKS DROOPY, BEAT-UP, AND UNINSPIRED, DOESN'T IT? BUT JUST WATCH!

STAND UP, JET!



FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN



THE JET-JALLOPY HALTS, ALL RIGHT, BUT THE FORCE OF HIS MOMENTUM BREAKS FUNNYMAN'S GRIP AND SENDS THE COURAGEOUS CLOWN
④ HURTLING INTO SPACE!

COMING-UP! ONE PANCAKE
-- FUNNYMAN-SIZED!

FUNNYMAN

AS HE
TUMBLES
TOWARD
DESTRUCTION,
FUNNYMAN
AGAIN
SHOUTS AN
ORDER TO
HIS
MECHANICAL
CREATION.



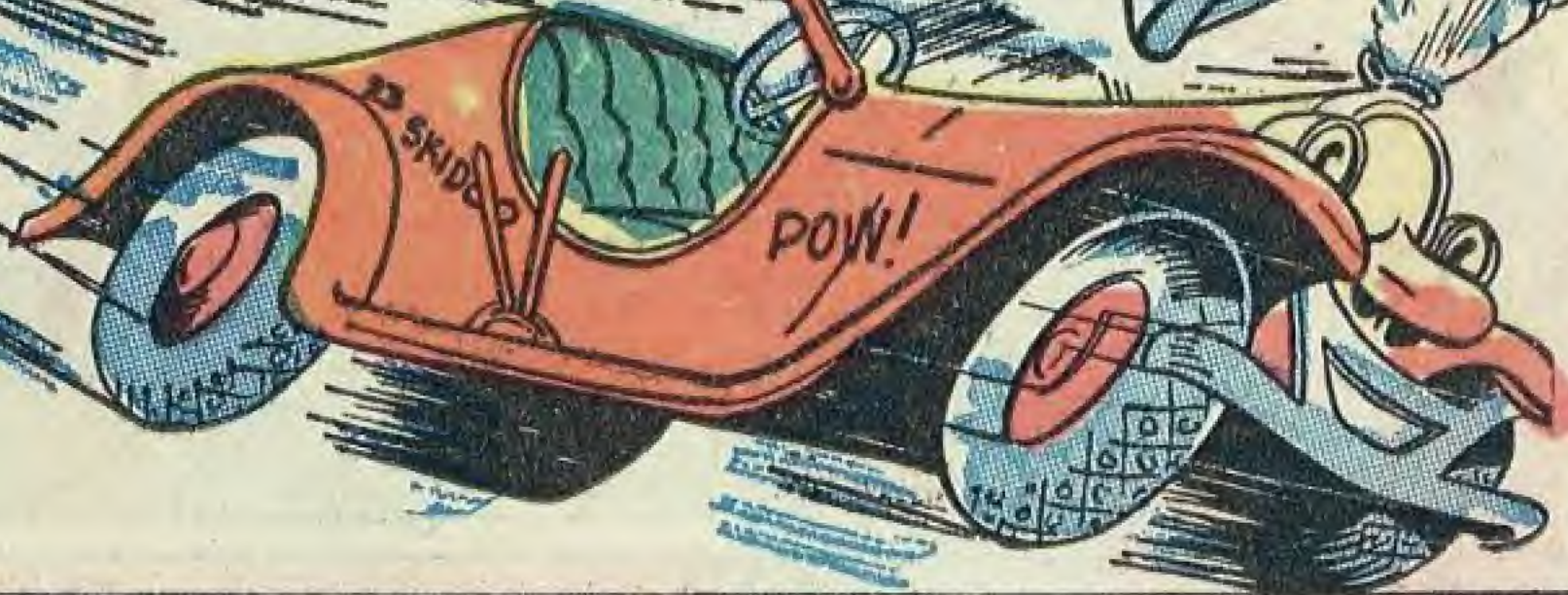
HEY,
JALLOPY! COME
T' YORE
POPSIE!



A HAIRBREADTH
DIVE!



PEEP
PEEP



AND SCIENTIFIC WIZARDRY
DOES THE REST!

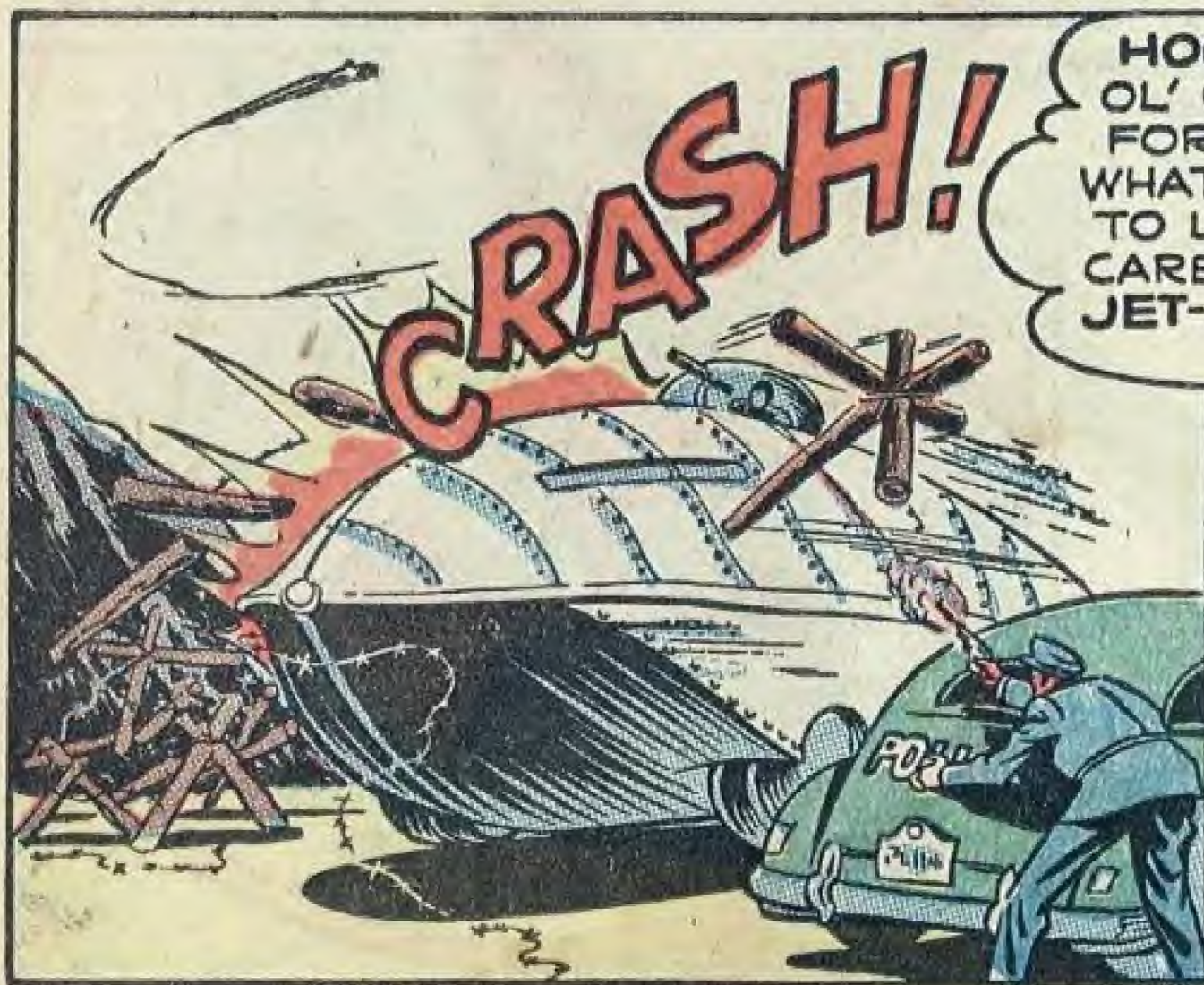


HYAW!
HYAAWWW!
I DONE
DOOED
IT!!

BUT JUST AS FUNNYMAN IS ABOUT TO
TURN HIS STRANGE ANACHRONISTIC
SUPER-VEHICLE HOMEWARD, HE SIGHTS...!

HOLY
HOKEY!!





HOO-HA!! --IT'S THAT NASTY OL' CRIME-CAR... HEADED FOR DIRTY WORK! OBOYOBOY! WHAT A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY TO LAUNCH THE CRIME-FIGHTING CAREER OF TH' JET-JALLOPY!



BUT LAZAR'S POWERFUL TELESCOPE HAS DETECTED HIS UNORTHODOX OPPONENT!

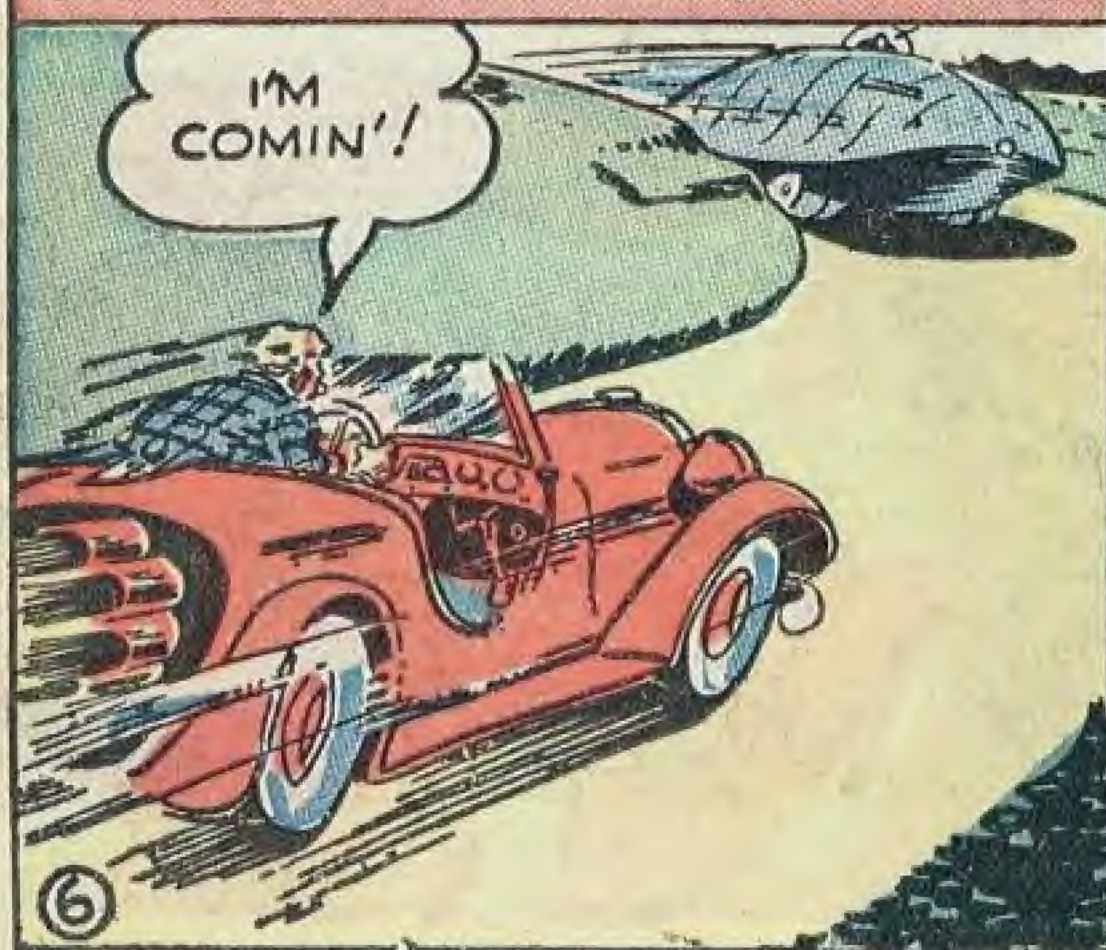


HM-MPH! SO FUNNYMAN DARES CLASH WITH THE CRIME-CAR! I'LL KNOCK THAT SLAPHAPPY SLUGGER RIGHT OUT OF THE OZONE!



SO IT'S GONNA BE WAR, EH? OKAY, LAZAR! PULL IN THEM EARS, 'CAUSE I'M OUT TA CLIP YA!!

DODGING THE SHELL-FIRE, FUNNYMAN ALIGHTS HIS FLYIN' FLIVVER ON THE ROAD, THEN SPEEDS HEAD-ON TOWARD THE CRIME-CAR...



... IN WHAT APPEARS WILL BE A HEAD-ON COLLISION!



HO! HO! HO! HO! --THE IDIOT! WHAT CHANCE HAS HE AGAINST THE MIGHTY CRIME-CAR? I'LL CRUSH HIM --LIKE A FLEA!

FUNNYMAN

BUT AN INSTANT BEFORE CRIME-CAR AND JET-JALLOPY ARE TO COLLIDE...!



JUST LIKE
A GRASS-
HOPPER!

FUNNYMAN LIGHTLY TOUCHES A BUTTON ON HIS VEHICLE'S DASHBOARD, AND A DARK LIQUID SPURTS DOWN UPON THE CRIME-CAR'S PLEXIGLAS OVAL.



HERE'S TO YA!
A FUNNYMAN
COCKTAIL
--GRATIS!

STOP THE CRIME-CAR!
CLEAR THE PLEXIGLAS OVAL
SO OUR VISION WON'T BE
OBSCURED! AND -- KILL
FUNNYMAN!!!



THERE HE
IS! GET
HIM!

HO-HUM!
GUESS I GOTTA
GET INTO
ACTION!



YOU'RE
ALL
WET!

WOT
KINDA
CAR IS
DAT??

AGH!



AND AS A GROUP SEEKS TO ATTACK THE DAFFY DAREDEVIL FROM THE REAR.

HAVE SOME
FLY-PAPER,
YOU
INSECTS!

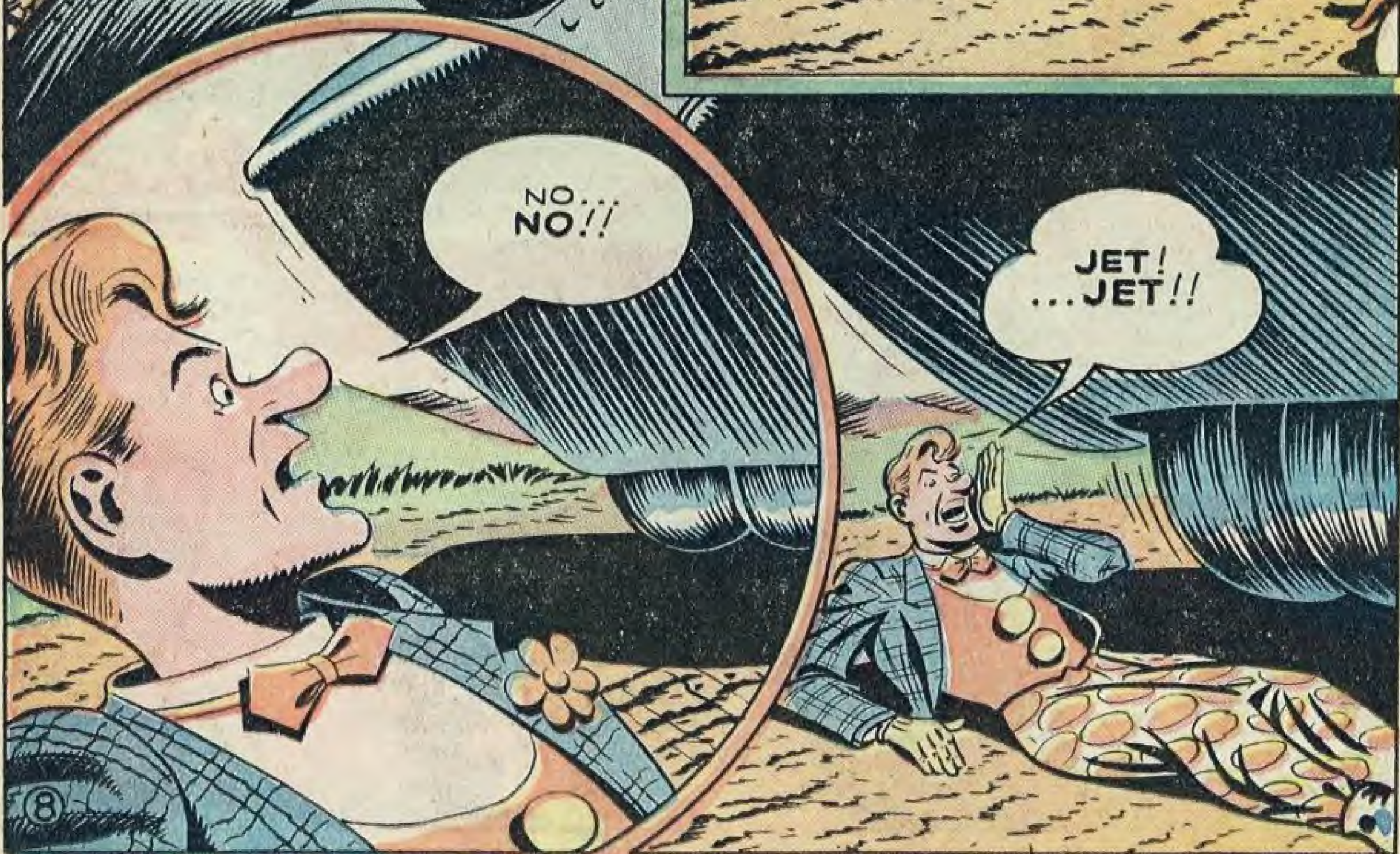
HUH??!



FUNNYMAN



MINUTES LATER. THE THUGS RE-ENTER LAZAR'S MONSTROUS CREATION. THEN--THE **CRIME-CAR** HUMS INTO ACTIVITY, AND MOVES PONDEROUSLY TOWARD THE SLIGHT, UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE IN ITS PATH.



FUNNYMAN

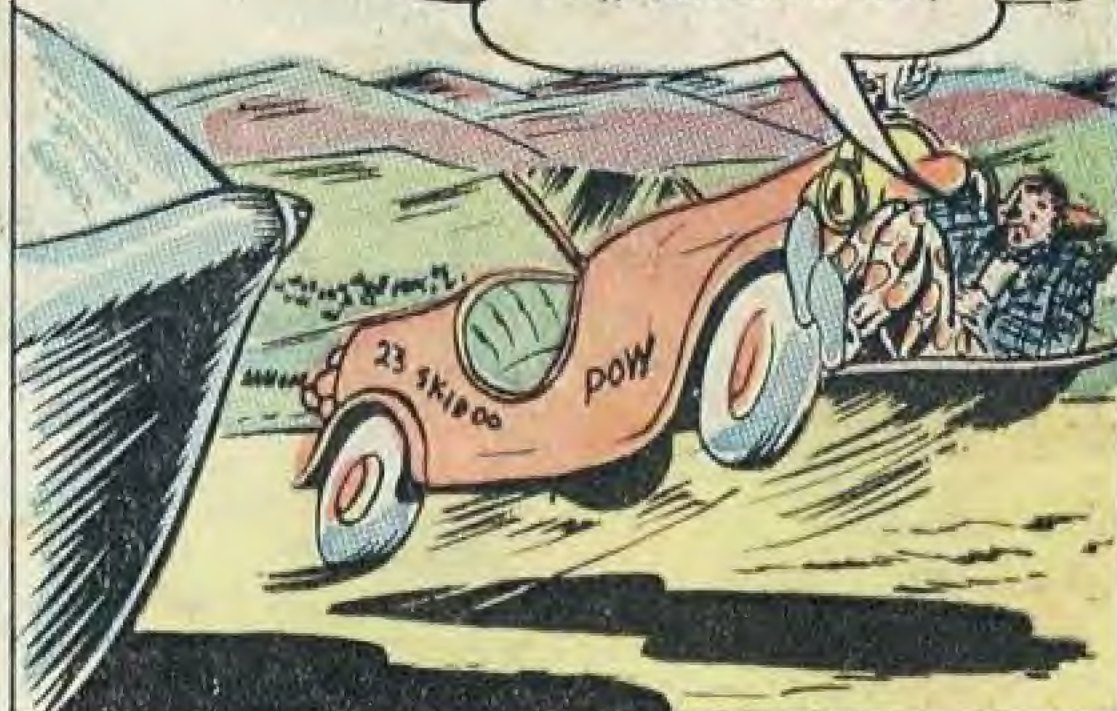
TO THE RESCUE HURTTLES THE FAITHFUL FLIVVER.



OPERATION ASHTRAY!!

PUFF! PUFF!

OUT POPS A METAL PROJECTION, TO SCOOP FUNNYMAN OUT OF HARM'S WAY!



WHEW! ONE MORE SECOND AND I'VE HAVE BEEN RENAMED TRAGICMAN!

ON TOWARD THE CRIME-RENDEZVOUS SPEEDS LAZAR, UNAWARE OF THE COMIC CRIMEBUSTER'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM DEATH.



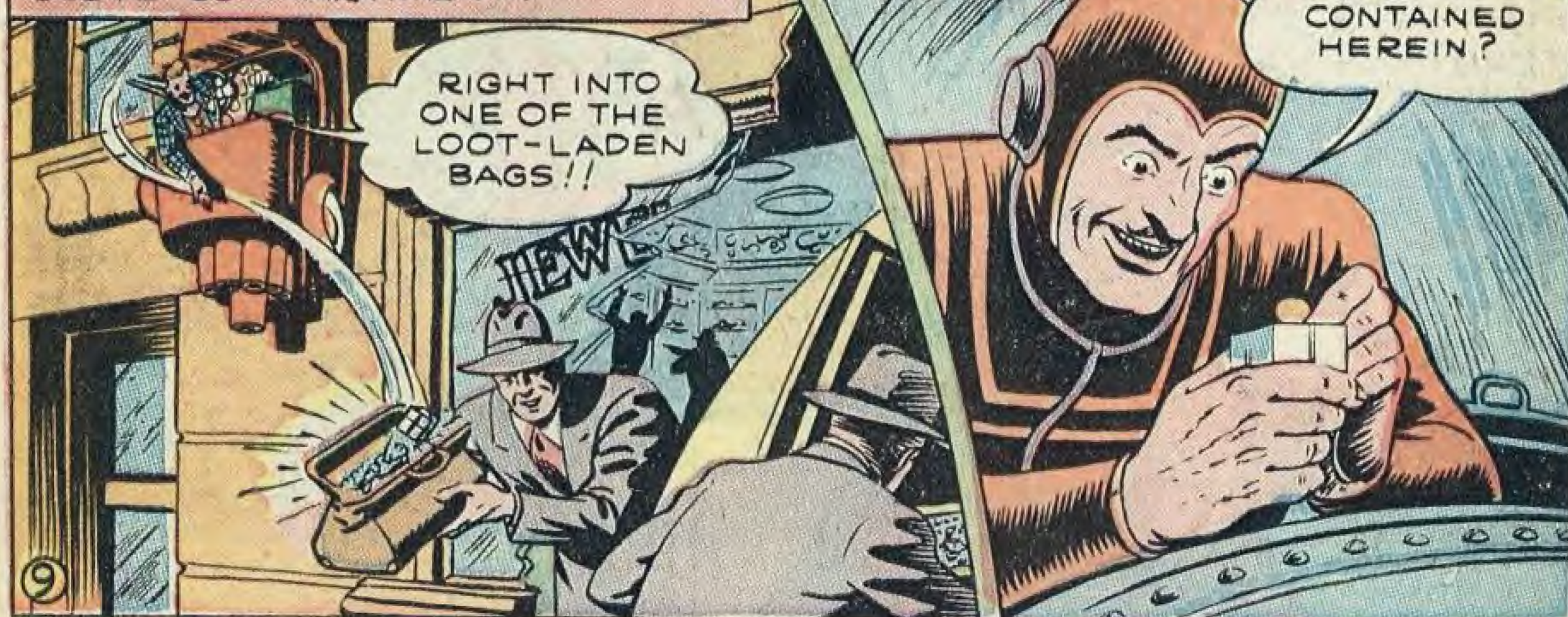
SO PERISH ALL WHO WOULD OPPOSE LAZAR!

MINUTES LATER-- WITHIN A JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT.



QUICKLY! LOAD THE LOOT INTO THE SACKS, AND LET US BE ON OUR WAY!

BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE JET-JALLOPY STEALTHILY SCALES THE BUILDING'S SIDE, VIA ITS SUCTION-CUP EQUIPPED TIRES. FUNNYMAN TAKES A TINY PACKAGE FROM THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT.



RIGHT INTO ONE OF THE LOOT-LADEN BAGS!!

SOON AFTER, AS THE CRIME-CAR MAKES ITS GETAWAY, LAZAR GLOATS OVER THE SPOILS.

WONDER WHAT FABULOUS PRIZE IS CONTAINED HEREIN?



GAS!
(COUGH!)



MY
RUSE
WORKED!

CRASH



WHEN POLICE ARRIVE ON THE SCENE.



HYAW! HYAAW!
HERE'S WHERE
I ROPE IN
SOME FISH!



LATER.

AND SO THE
JET-JALLOPY BESTED
THE CRIME-CAR!
GANGLAND HAD
BETTER WATCH
OUT!

FUNNYMAN MAY
USE SCREWBALL
CRIME-BATTLING
METHODS, BUT HE
SURE GETS
RESULTS!

FUNNYMAN

BAH!



WHO'S WORRIED
ABOUT GANGLAND?
SOMETHING TELLS
ME IT'S YOU AND I
WHO WILL TAKE THE
REAL BEATING FROM THIS
--THIS FRANKENSTEIN
FLIVVER!

JUNE DOESN'T SEEM VERY
ENAMORED OF THE WEIRDEST
VEHICLE IN EXISTENCE. BUT
HOW ABOUT YOU READERS!
WANT TO SEE MORE OF
FUNNYMAN'S JET-JALLOPY?
IF SO, DROP US A LINE
CARE OF THIS PUBLICATION.

THE
END

FUNNYMAN

by

JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

ON GUARD,
'DOG OF
A DOG!

A WOODEN SWORD!
SOMEONE'S BEIN' PLAYED
FOR A SAP, AN' I SUSPECT
IT'S A CERTAIN GUY WHO
WEARS A PUTTY NOSE AN'
GOES BY TH' MONIKER,
O' FUNNYMAN!!



WHAT SOME PEOPLE WON'T DO TO HELP OTHERS! TAKE FUNNYMAN, FOR INSTANCE. ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS AND HE'D NEVER HAVE TANGLED IN COMBAT WITH CHARLES CHEVAL, FRANCE'S GREATEST DUELIST. BUT DESPITE HIS DAFFINESS, THE SCREWBALL SCRAPER HAS A KIND HEART WHICH MAKES HIM SYMPATHIZE WITH THE UNDERDOG. AND SO, AT THE POSSIBLE COST OF HIS OWN LIFE, FOR THE SAKE OF A PAIR OF YOUTHFUL LOVERS, FUNNYMAN ENGAGES IN...

"A FOOL'S DUEL!"

FUNNYMAN

A LAZY SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN VENTRAL PARK.-WHAT'S THIS SPRAWLED ON A BENCH? A VAGRANT? A CORPSE? NO, IT'S LARRY DAVIS.

WHAT A DAY--TO RELAX AND REFLECT ON THE VAGARIES OF LIFE, LOVE, AND LAUGHTER...

BUT THE ACE COMEDIAN LOSES HIS LACKADAISICAL AIR AS HE OVERHEARS--

BUT HE'LL KILL YOU!

LET HIM! BUT I WON'T GIVE YOU UP!

YOU MUST GO / CHEVAL WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE. I'VE NEVER GIVEN THE MAN A BIT OF ENCOURAGEMENT, YET HE'S THREATENED TO SLAY ANYONE WHO COURTS ME, AND HE IS FRANCE'S GREATEST SWORDSMAN.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU DOLORES!

("-HM-MM. A COUPLE OF YOUNG LOVERS MENACED BY A NO-GOODNICK! I CAN'T JUST STAND MEEKLY BY AND WATCH THEIR ROMANCE GO ON THE ROCKS...-")

THEREFORE... LET'S HAVE A FANFARE FOR FUNNYMAN!

MEANWHILE.

FASTER, MY NOBLE ATTENDANTS! MY SWORD-ARM ITCHES TO DISPATCH THE SCOUNDREL WHO WOULD STEAL THE WOMAN I LOVE.

YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON FAITHFUL LEVACUUM, MONSIEUR CHEVAL!

AND YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON FAITHFUL LECLEANER TOO- IF YOU CAN COUNT THAT HIGH!

FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN



WAIT!

NOW
WHAT?



I THOUGHT WE
WERE SUPPOSED
TO STAND BACK-
TO-BACK AND
WALK TEN PACES.
ISN'T THAT THE
WAY DUELS ARE
FOUGHT?

OAF! YOU
ARE REFERRING
TO THE PISTOL
DUEL! HOW COULD
ONE DUEL WITH
SWORDS AT TEN
PACES?



I DUNNO. I JUST
THOUGHT IT WOULD
BE **LESS DANGEROUS**.
THIS WAY SOMEONE
IS LIABLE TO GET
HURT.

YOUR LAUGHTER
WILL TURN TO A
FUNERAL DIRGE,
CLOWN!

HEY!
STOP THAT
WHITTLING!

NEXT:
ZE
THROAT!

("HEY! WOT KINDA
DUEL IS THIS? ME-
THINKS THIS LUG IS NO
RELATION TO THE
MARQUIS OF QUEENS-
BURY. IF HE'S GONNA
BE UNFAIR, THEN
ANYTHING
GOES!-")

THE DEATH-
THRUST!--
YEOWLP!!

YOU'RE A
TRIFLE HOT-
TEMPERED, MY
FRIEND. HERE'S
A COOL SHOWER-
BATH TO COOL
YOU OFF!

FUNNYMAN

AND NOW, AN AMAZING DEVELOPMENT.
FUNNYMAN TAKES TO HIS HEELS, AND RUNS!

CRAVEN
CAD! COME
BACK AND
DIE LIKE
A MAN!

I'D RATHER
LIVE LIKE
A MOUSE.

HAS THE
DAFFY
DARE-
DEVIL
TURNED
COWARD?
DON'T GO AWAY,
READER! MAYBE
FUNNYMAN
HAS A METHOD
IN HIS
MADNESS!



THAT FUNNY
LITTLE MAN IS
BEING CHASED
BY CHEVAL!

YOU'RE GONNA
HAVE A GRAND-
STAND SEAT FREE-
OF-CHARGE,
KIDS!



AS SOON AS I
SLAY THE BUFFOON,
DOLORES, I'LL
ATTEND TO
YOUR LOVER!

("MY PLAN'S
WORKING OUT
BEAUTIFULLY.
NOW TO MAKE
CHEVAL LOOK
SILLY IN THE
EYES OF
DOLORES!-")



DIE,
DOG!

YAAA-AAA!
HE - GOT - ME...
("NOW FOR THE
RED INK
GAG!-")



SEE HOW THE FOOL BLEEDS TO
DEATH! HO! HO! HA! HA! ONCE
AGAIN CHARLES CHEVAL,
FRANCE'S FINEST
SWORDSMAN, IS
TRIUMPHANT!

HOW
AWFUL!



FUNNYMAN



AND NOW--



YOW!

I WONDER WHAT RHYMES WITH "YOW"?



POW

THAT'S IT! "POW" RHYMES WITH "YOW"!



YOU'RE HEADED FOR A FALL, MISTER!

MY TROUSERS!



HO! HO! DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING SO FUNNY?

I CAN STAND ANYTHING BUT RIDICULE BEFORE MY BELOVED! I SHALL RETURN TO FRANCE!



FAREWELL, FAIR LADY! IT HAS BEEN AN HONOR TO SERVE YOU!

YOU'RE SILLY BUT NICE.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO YOU!



AND SO - BACK TO HIS PARK BENCH RETURNS LARRY DAVIS, ONCE AGAIN TO RUMINATE OVER THE UNPREDICTABLE TWISTS OF...

... LIFE... LOVE... AND LAUGHTER...

THE END

FUNNYMAN

JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

WON'T YOU
PLEASE
STAY IN YOUR
CELL?

NOPE!

NO MATTER
HOW MANY TIMES
WE JAIL HIM, HE
ESCAPES! I CAN'T
TAKE IT ANY
LONGER! FAREWELL,
CRUEL WORLD!

HERE'S A TALE THAT'S A MASS OF CONTRADICTIONS. FUNNYMAN IS A COMIC RIOT-- AND YET HE ISN'T! FUNNYMAN BATTLES THE LAW, INSTEAD OF AIDING IT-- AND YET HE DOESN'T! IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF AN AMUSING CASE OF CONFUSED IDENTITIES. AND AT THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL IS THAT ELUSIVE FELON, THE MOST DIFFICULT SCOUNDREL IN THE WORLD TO CAPTURE AND KEEP BEHIND PRISON BARS... **"SLIPPERY SLIM!"**

FUNNYMAN

OFFICE OF DETECTIVE SERGEANT HARRIGAN, AT THE CITY JAIL.

COMEDIAN LARRY DAVIS AND HIS MANAGER, JUNE FARRELL, EH? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

DON'T ASK ME. IT WAS STRICTLY HIS BRAIN-STORM.

WELL, SGT. HARRIGAN, IT'S LIKE THIS. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED IN SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION, AND I THOUGHT...

--THAT I'D GIVE YOU THE LOWDOWN ON MODERN CROOK-NABBING METHODS? BE DELIGHTED TO!

SLIPPERY SLIM HAS ESCAPED!



AND NOW--IF YOU DON'T MIND--WE'LL PEER A FEW MINUTES INTO THE PAST. AH, WHO IS THIS CHEERFUL LITTLE FELLOW SO INTENT UPON HIS TASK? WHY, IT'S SLIPPERY SLIM, THE WORLD'S SLYEST JAILBREAKER!



TUM-TUM-DE-DA...

CLICK!



FREE! FREE AS A BIRD! SOON I SHALL BE SNIFFING THE OPEN AIR... AND WARBLING A SONG OF JOYOUS FREEDOM!

WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT.

BUT NO SOONER DOES THE DOOR CLOSE BEHIND SGT. HARRIGAN, THEN LARRY DAVIS BEGINS REVERSING HIS GARMENTS.

BLAST THAT SLIPPERY SLIM! HE'S AS ELUSIVE AS AN EEL! AS FAST AS WE ARREST HIM, HE BREAKS JAIL! BUT THIS TIME HE WON'T GET OUT OF THE STATION.

LARRY! YOU CANT-- I WON'T LET YOU DO IT!

THIS PROMISES TO BE AN AMUSING CHASE... AND I INTEND TO BE IN ON IT--AS FUNNYMAN!

GOOD LUCK, SGT.!





FUNNYMAN

NOW FOR SOME SICK-OLGY. IF I WERE SLIPPERY SLIM, WHAT WOULD BE THE LOGICAL THING TO DO? HM-MM... I'D DISGUISE MYSELF AS SOMEONE ELSE AND MAKE AN UNOBTUSIVE EXIT FROM THE POLICE STATION.

("-AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION, MY GOOD SIR! IN FACT, IT'S AMAZING I DIDN'T THINK OF IT MYSELF!-")

BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR!

YES?



PLEASANT DREAMS!

STEPPING AROUND THE CURVE IN THE CORRIDOR, THE FUGITIVE SWIFTLY EXCHANGES GARMENTS WITH THE COMIC CRIMEBUSTER.

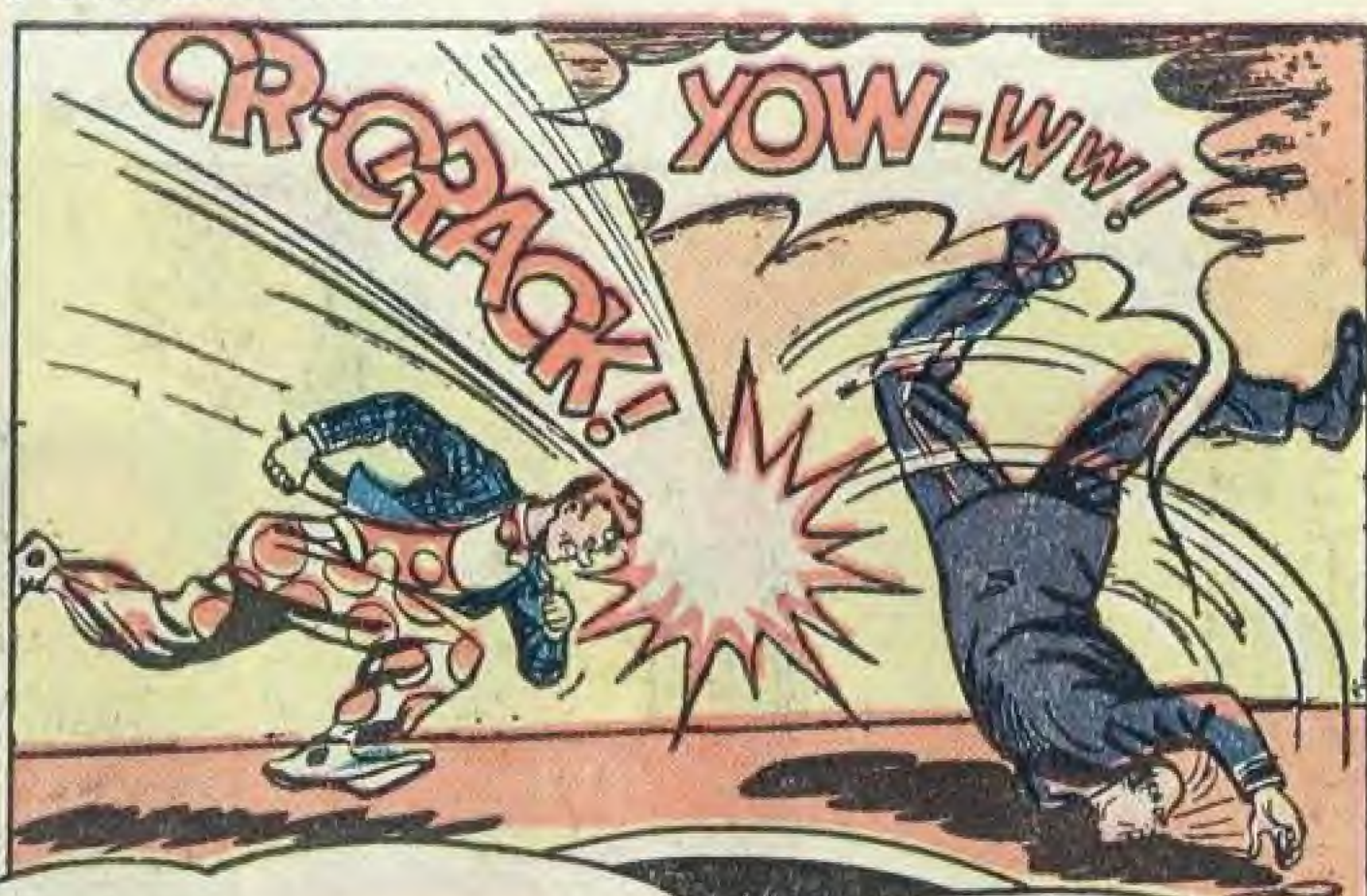
THE MOMENT I ANNEX THE BEAK NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO TELL THE TWO OF US APART.

OFF SPEEDS THE FAKE FUNNYMAN TOWARD ESCAPE.

I'M SO RESOURCEFUL, I AMAZE ME!



EIGHT TOES!
NO, THAT'S NOT
SLIPPERY SLIM'S
FOOTPRINT.



YOU BLASTED BUFFOON!
WHAT AN IDIOT I WAS TO
LET YOU JOIN IN THE
HUNT FOR **SLIPPERY
SLIM**! I OUGHT TO
HAVE YOU THROWN
INTO SOLITARY!

HOW CAN YOU SAY
THAT TO ME, WHEN
I ALL BUT HAVE THE
VILLAIN IN MY
GRASP!



YOU
AGAIN!!

'TIS
INDEED
I!!



YOU'VE
CAUGHT HIM?
WHERE?
HOW!

IF YOU GRUFF GENTRY
WILL CLATTER AT MY
HEELS, I'LL LEAD YOU
TO THE CRINGING
WRETCH!

FUNNYMAN, IF
YOU'VE REALLY CAUGHT
SLIPPERY SLIM I'LL
NEVER SAY ANOTHER
NASTY WORD TO YOU
AS LONG AS I LIVE!

WE'LL EVEN
START A
FUNNYMAN
FAN CLUB!



FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN



HOORAY! JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES AND I'LL BE OUT OF THIS DEPRESSING ATMOSPHERE AND IN THE BLESSED OPEN AIR!



FUNNYMAN!

???



DEARLY BELOVED! SWEETHEART! DARLING!

WHO? ME??

I LOVE YOU SO! YOU OVERCOME ME WITH YOUR MADCAP MISCHIEF! BUT PLEASE LEAVE WITH ME BEFORE SOMETHING DREADFUL HAPPENS TO YOU.

NO! YOU'LL THINK ME A COWARD.



NEVER! -KISS ME, MY FOOL!

VERY WELL, LADY. IF YOU INSIST.



BUT THEN--THE PUTTY NOSE DROPS OFF!

SLIPPERY SLIM!



CURSES! UNMASKED-- OR SHOULD I SAY "UNNOSED"!!



MEANWHILE!



IN A MOMENT!

SLIPPERY SLIM IS DISGUISED AS FUNNYMAN! GET HIM!



YES??



FUNNYMAN





FUNNYMAN

BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER



IF IT'S LAUGHTER YOU'RE AFTER -- IF THRILLS WILL FILL THE BILL -- THEN TOSS ASIDE YOUR CARES AND ROMP ALONG WITH FUNNYMAN AS THE BATTLING BUFFOON TANGLES WITH ONE OF MALIGNANT DOC GIMMICK'S MOST EXTRAORDINARY CRIME-GADGETS ...**"THE KUTE KNOCKOUT!"**

LABORATORY OF DOC GIMMICK, THE UNDERWORLD'S CLEVEREST CROOKED MECHANICAL WIZARD.

ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME YOU CAME UP WITH A NEW CRIME-GADGET, DOC?

FIRST MEET "THE KUTE KNOCKOUT." OOPS! SHE'S DROPPED HER HANDKERCHIEF! AREN'T YOU GOING TO PICK IT UP, TORGO?

ALLOW ME, BABE-- OWCH!!

YIPPEE! IT WORKS! "THE KUTE KNOCKOUT" WORKS!!!



FUNNYMAN

SHORTLY AFTER
TORGO REVIVES.

WHAT IS
SHE? A
BOOBY
TRAP?

EXACTLY.
"THE KUTE
KNOCKOUT," A
ROBOT GIRL, SERVES
AS A FEMININE LURE
FOR PROSPECTIVE
VICTIMS.

WE PLACE HER ON A DARK STREET.
WHEN A VICTIM APPROACHES, SHE
DROPS THE HANKY. HE GALLANTLY
BENDS TO LIFT IT, THEN--WHANGO!
--HE GETS BOPPED WITH THE
Mallet! IT'S ALL
DONE WITH PHOTO-
ELECTRIC
CELLS!

AN' THEN--
HO! HO! HO!--
WE CLEANS OUT
HIS POCKETS!
DOC--YA DONE
IT AGIN!!!

NIGHTFALL

HOOT MON!
WHAT AN EYE-
DAZZLER... AND SHE'S
DROPPED HER HANKY!
ROMANCE, HERE
I COME!

THUD!

A BEAUTEOUS
CHICK WHO
SLUGS 'EM
AND ROBS
'EM!

HM-MM!
WONDER IF
I COULD NAB
HER... AS
FUNNYMAN?

YAK, YAK!
HOW DID
WE DO,
TORGO?

GREAT! HE
WAS LOADED WITH
TH' CRINKLY
GREEN
STUFF!

STAR
CITY PLAGUED BY RASH
OF GIRL LURE ROBBERIES

WOULD-BE ROMEO'S
ROBBED
CRIME-GAL KONKS VICTIM

FOR THE INFO OF NEW READERS
NOT YET HEP TO THE SITUATION, AKA
COMEDIAN LARRY DAVIS IS NONE
OTHER THAN COMIC CRIMEBUSTER
... FUNNYMAN!

FUNNYMAN



WHAT'S THIS? FUNNYMAN DELIBERATELY STICKING HIS ADDLEPATED CRANIUM INTO THE WAY OF DISASTER--???



FUNNYMAN



...AND CONNECTS!

SM-MACK!

AH!
GOT IT!



BUT--WONDERS OF WONDERS!--THE TREMENDOUS BLOW APPARENTLY HAS NO EFFECT ON THE COURAGEOUS CLOWN!

SO-LONG! GOODBYE!
AND OTHER SUCH
SALUTATIONS OF
FAREWELL!



INCREDIBLE!
THAT BLOW SHOULD
HAVE SPLIT HIS
SKULL--YET HE
ACTS LIKE HE'D ONLY
GOTTEN A SCALP
MASSAGE!

SOMETHIN'
MUSTA GONE WRONG
WID DA "KUTE
KNOCKOUT"'S
MECHANISM,
DOC.



I'LL
INVESTIGATE!



CR-RACK!

AGH!

HEY!

I DON'T GET IT! THAT
MALLET BLOW DIDN'T
BOTHER FUNNYMAN
ONE BIT-- YET IT
KNOCKED DOC FOR
A LOOP

HO! HO!-
CONFUSIN',
WOT?



FUNNYMAN



open section, took out his magnifying glass and bent over.

He straightened up. He looked around.

"Where is the giant?" he yelled. "Who stole the body?"

He ran around the doll house. There was no sign of any disturbance, no marks on the floor. Puzzled, he went back and peered at the broken sections of the doll's house.

Flint murmured, "It would take a lot of men to move him. There ought to be fingerprints around." He took out blackish powder from his kit, scattered it around and looked for prints. There were none.

He scratched his head, puzzled. He snarled, "They can't fool me like this. They've managed to sneak his body off and hide it. But they can't hide it on me."

In the distance he saw the water-tank for the high dive. Flint grinned. He muttered, "So! Maybe they've weighted him down and hidden him in water."

He ran to the tank, but it was too high to look into. He would have to go up to the high-diving platform. Muttering to himself, he began to climb. When he was on the fifth step he looked down. The hair on the back of his neck rose up with fright.

The gorilla was loose! He was standing under the ladder, looking up at the detective and growling and beating on his hairy chest with his huge hands.

"Yeeeow!" yelled Hezekiah Flint.

He went up the high-dive ladder with the gorilla after him. Once a hairy hand brushed his ankle and Flint went even faster. He got to the top of the ladder and crawled onto the platform. He peered over the edge —

And found himself staring into the gorilla's face!

"Heh! Heh! Heh!" went the gorilla.

Flint shook. He trembled and quivered. A hairy hand reached up over the edge of the platform and tried to grab him. Flint squirmed out of reach. The little red eyes of the gorilla burned with blood-lust. He slavered at the mouth.

"Go away!" yelled the detective. "How can I solve a murder case with you after me?"

"Heh! Heh!" panted the gorilla.

This time the big animal caught hold of Flint's leg and pinched down on it, hard. Flint leaped. He clawed at the air. He spun around and went over the platform.

He fell heels over head, threshing and kicking.

He hit water and went down.

Dazed, choking, the detective fought his way up through the cold blue depths. His head broke water and he gulped in air. He shrieked.

"The gorilla's loose. Help! Help! The gorilla's loose!"

"Keep quiet, you. You want to get me in trouble?"

Hezekiah Flint gulped. That was a mistake, because he gulped when he was going down in the water. He took in a lungful of cold water, then struggled upward. The gorilla was peering down at him over the edge of the tank.

The gorilla said, "Just keep quiet, bub, and I'll fish you out of there."

"You—you spoke to me!" gasped the detective.

"Sure. I'm an educated gorilla, I am. Here, give me your hand."

Hezekiah Flint let himself be pulled to safety. Teeth chattering, he stared at the animal. "But—but you can't talk. Animals can't talk."

"I can talk," boasted the gorilla. "And while I'm talking, let me give you a piece of advice. Beat it. Leave the circus alone. Otherwise, I'm liable to come after you some dark night . . . heh!heh!heh!"

Flint snarled, "I came here to solve a murder mystery. I won't leave until I've broken the case."

"How silly," laughed the gorilla. "How can you have a murder mystery without a body?"

"So!" cried Flint. "You know the body disappeared. That means you're in on it."

"Just for that," said the gorilla, "I'm going to kill myself!"

The gorilla put his hands to his head, began twisting his neck, turning his head. Flint cried, "He's trying to commit suicide by breaking his neck with his hands —"

Flint fainted just as the head came off.

* * *

Hezekiah Flint opened his eyes. The giant was standing over him, smiling at him. Beside him was a gorilla with a man's head. Flint closed his eyes and whispered, "I'm delirious. I'm seeing things."

"You were right, Bill," said the man-gorilla. "It worked swell."

Flint opened his eyes again and murmured, "It wasn't a gorilla. You're a man wearing a gorilla suit."

"I fool a lot of people," admitted the man-gorilla.

Flint looked at the giant. "And you're alive. You aren't dead. Nobody stole your body."

"I tripped and fell into the doll house while I was carrying some odds and ends. I'm fine now. You know, you've made a fool of yourself. People will laugh when we tell them."

Flint said, "I will go away. I will not annoy the circus any more."

"Go away," said the giant with a grin, "and we will not tell."

Hezekiah Flint walked away, and that was the last time the circus people ever saw him.

THE END

TALK - SING - PLAY

THROUGH YOUR OWN RADIO

With the *Super* **HOME RADIO MIKE!**



**Fool Your
Friends —
Give Your Own
Radio Shows**

Easily Attaches to Any Radio

Amaze and mystify your friends by talking about them over your own radio. Create and broadcast shows, commercials, and "news flashes". Just flick the button of this professional, studio type "mike" and you cut in instantly on any program, make believe you are on with the big stars. Surprise friends in your home by mentioning their names on the big network shows. It's loads of fun for adults and kids.

Complete — nothing else to buy. This professional looking switch button mike comes complete with illustrated instructions . . . shows how to install on your radio. "MIKE" has long insulated cord — complete ready to attach.

*Money
Back
Guarantee*

SEND NO MONEY!

Examine and try this swell "MIKE" at home without risk. Send no money — just name and address on penny postcard and we'll ship C.O.D. plus postage, or send 2.00 and we ship postpaid. No C.O.D. outside U.S.A.

Only
\$1.98
Complete



Comes
complete
with
6 foot
cord

SEYCO MIKE CO. Dept. MN-127
230 Grand St., New York 13, N. Y.

☐ Send MIKE C.O.D., I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. on arrival.

☐ I'm enclosing \$2 send postpaid.

Name

Address

City State